

just five words

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just five words

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Dream snorts. He looks at George, eyebrows knitted thoughtfully. There's an oddly vulnerable moment where George feels like Dream is gazing through him, down to his very core.

(To be known, is to be loved. That's how the quote goes.)

Dream murmurs, "Only five words, huh."

Notes

hello!! this was so much fun to write and a great way to get back into the rhythm of things after over a month of not posting fics lol. my final exams have had me caught up in a whirlwind but i'm working on some cool aus for the future so keep an eye out for those <33

there's not much else to say here - i hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It all starts when George refreshes his Twitter timeline, drumming his fingers absent-mindedly against his chin. From the kitchen, the clanging of pots and pans grows ever louder.

"Fuck!" The panicked yelp is followed by the sound of what may or may not be glass breaking.

"You alright in there, Dream?"

“Yeah, all good.” It’s very definitely unbelievable, but hey, George isn’t going to push. Not when he’s sunk so far into the sofa that he’s practically in a cocoon, socked feet curled up beneath his sweatpants.

“I’m hungry,” Sapnap announces, coming to stand in the living room doorway.

George can’t help himself. “Hi hungry, I’m Geo – *oof*.” The pillow slides off his face slowly. Affronted, George rubs at his nose, and Sapnap grins without a shred of guilt.

“Deserved for that shitty joke, dude.”

George flips him off, even as he slides onto the couch, throwing his legs carelessly across George’s lap.

“Ugh, get off of me, you lump,” he groans, shoving fruitlessly against Sapnap’s thigh.

“What, you don’t like my toes?” Sapnap asks, sticking out his lower lip in an exaggerated sulk.

“You’re disgusting,” George says.

“Yeah, yeah.” Sapnap reaches out, rubs the thin cotton material of George’s worn-out Madagascar T-shirt between his fingers. “When’s the last time you washed this?”

“Fuck you.”

Sapnap’s laughter is resounding, and George reluctantly gives up on pushing his feet away.

He glances back down at his phone, automatically reading the first tweet on his screen.

brooke @raspbunnys

@GeorgeNotFound how would you describe dream in five words ??

62 Retweets 10 Quote Tweets 859 Likes

George huffs out a laugh. As if he could sum it up in just five.

“What’s so funny?” Sapnap makes a grabby motion with his hands.

“Just this tweet.” George lets the question bounce around his head. He’s never really thought about it before. “Sapnap, how would you describe me in five words?”

Sapnap screws up his nose in confusion. “Describe you in five words - why? You planning on putting it on your resume?” He laughs at his own joke, because they both know George won’t do it for him.

“Humour me,” George insists. “Come on, it’s just five words.”

Sapnap rubs his hand across his chin thoughtfully, then holds up five fingers. “British. British. British. British. British.” He punctuates each repetition by ticking off a finger each time, till he’s left with a fist that he punches lightly against George’s shoulder.

“You are so annoying,” George mutters, deadpan. He opens his mouth to ask Sapnap to try again, seriously this time, when –

“Dinner is served!” The call is triumphant.

“Last one there’s a rotten egg,” Sapnap proclaims, swinging his legs off George eagerly. And maybe they’re too old for this, but the two of them half-jog to the dining table, jostling the entire way. George manages to get a good elbow to Sapnap’s ribs, he thinks, proven by the shriek of pain it elicits.

Dream stands proudly at the head of the table. His hair is swept back messily, speckled with what looks like dusted flour. There’s a smudge of it on his cheekbone, too and George resists the urge to do something stupid, like moving to brush the smudge off with his thumb.

“I made spaghetti bolognese. *With...* homemade dinner rolls,” Dream announces with a flourish. He’s bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet. George slides into the chair to his right, examines the plates on the table.

“This looks really good, dude,” Sapnap says appreciatively. “You’re like our little personal chef.”

“Yeah, like Ratatouille,” George adds, grabbing the tongs and heaping pasta onto his plate.

Dream makes an offended noise. “His name is Remy, George.”

“Okay, you’re like Remy George then,” George says, shrugging. Dream rolls his eyes.

“Can you guys just be grateful?” He’s trying his best to sound annoyed, George can tell, but the amused twinkle in his eyes betrays him.

“Mm-mmm,” Sapnap says loudly, breaking a roll in half. “*Wow*, Dream,” he teases. The scent of fresh bread sets George’s stomach growling. Dream’s cooking, when it wasn’t burnt, or too spicy – George tries desperately to forget that his taste buds are even more sensitive than a guy from *Florida* – is actually decent. A step-up from what used to be daily pot noodles, at least.

They dig in silently. George feels that familiar wave of domestic bliss roll over him as it often does, at meals like this – just the three of them, an oak table, Dream’s indie pop playlist on repeat in the background. Family, George thinks.

“Wait, so what were you saying earlier?” Sapnap says, waving his fork at George. “That shit about five words, or whatever.”

George ignores the way Dream perks up, cocking his head in barely-disguised interest.

“Well, maybe if you’d done it properly,” he says dismissively. Sapnap sticks out his tongue; George tears a piece off his bread roll and chucks it at his forehead.

Silently, he counts down from three in his head. Two. One.

“What five words?” Dream asks curiously, right on cue. A disgustingly affectionate tug pulls at George’s heart. Knowing someone is what – loving them? He remembers he read something about that, once.

“It was just some tweet on my timeline,” he says indifferently.

Dream stares at him. George swears he sees the cogs whirring in his brain.

“Are you going to elaborate?” Dream’s fingers twitch, once, against the scratchy woven material of his placemat. If George squints, he can see the jagged edge of his bitten thumbnail.

“I’ll ask you first. How would you describe each of us in five words?” George says, then shoves a forkful of spaghetti into his mouth. It burns, obviously, because he didn’t think through doing it at all – he just wanted an excuse to not elaborate. He chokes it down, throat scalding.

“Jesus, dude, what the hell?” Sapnap pushes the pitcher of water towards him. George pours himself a grateful glass of water

Dream grimaces. “That came out of the pot like, two minutes ago, idiot.”

“Are you going to answer the question?” George croaks out with all the haughtiness he can muster. “Sapnap’s answer was stupid.”

There’s a pause, then: “Are you trying to tell me you’re *not* British?”

Dream snorts. He looks at George, eyebrows knitted thoughtfully. There’s an oddly vulnerable moment where George feels like Dream is gazing through him, down to his very core.

(To be known, is to be loved. That’s how the quote goes.)

Dream murmurs, “Only five words, huh.”

George’s brain sticks on the word *only*, wonders if Dream thinks it’s as restrictive as he does.

“Alright,” Dream says, leaning back in his chair. It’s overly-dramatic, the way he points at Sapnap. “Trustworthy. Funny. Brother –”

“– Aww, Dream,” Sapnap interjects.

“And *incredibly* annoying,” Dream finishes. He wheezes when Sapnap crumples his napkin into a ball and hurls it at his head, not even trying to block the projectile. George softens at the crinkle of his eyes, memorises the spray of freckles across Dream’s nose for the thousandth time.

“Okay, George’s turn,” Sapnap declares. George tightens his grip on his fork. And then Dream’s phone starts ringing.

George doesn’t know if he’s more relieved or disappointed when Dream makes an apologetic face, mouths “*It’s my mom, I gotta take this,*” stands up from the table, and leaves.

Later, after George has thrashed Sapnap in four rounds of chess (*You’re cheating, dude, en passant is such bullshit!*), they decide to call it a night. Dream never returned from his room - George assumes he fell asleep.

He completes his night-time rituals mechanically: brushes his teeth, showers, pulls on a hoodie.

The air-conditioning in his room is freezing, but George doesn’t mind, leaning back against the headrest with the blanket pulled up to his midriff. Immediately, his phone lights up with a text.

It’s from Dream.

you up?

Innocuous. Friendly. And it shouldn't set George's heart racing the way it does.

He writes back, *yeah*. Three dots bubble up, then disappear. For a second, George thinks, incredulously, that Dream might just leave him on read.

A knock comes at his door, cautiously quiet. Never mind.

"Come in," he calls. He adjusts his hair, like that matters.

The door creaks open. A pale wash of light from the hallway illuminates Dream's silhouette. He pauses for a moment, then pads into George's room hesitantly.

"Hi," he says, somewhat awkwardly, hands shoved into his sweatpants pockets. George has seen Dream like this countless times; blurred around the edges in a way only the hours of the late night can make him.

He still isn't used to it – it's been *months*, and he still isn't used to it.

"Come on, don't just stand there," George says, because what else is he supposed to do, tell Dream to leave?

Dream slumps onto the empty side of George's bed, grabs a pillow and hugs it to his stomach.

"Hi," he says, again. Amber eyes flicker up, searching George's face. This isn't the way it usually goes.

"Something on your mind?" The question surprises George even as it drops from his lips.

"Nah, not really." Dream drags a hand through his hair. He's showered, George notes absently. The flour is gone, but George still remembers what the smudge on Dream's cheek looked like.

He nods. Pulls at the hem of his hoodie, thinks there's probably something significant about the fact that there's a certain smiley face insignia on the front pocket. "Okay."

There's an owl outside. George can hear the thrum of its hoots.

"I was just –"

"Do you want to –"

Dream's self-conscious chuckle mirrors George's own. "You go first," George mutters. (*I'll ask you first.*)

"S'just that stuff from dinner." When Dream is sleepy, his Southern drawl finds its way into his words a little easier. George treasures those moments, tucks them into a box that sits firmly in the forefront of his mind.

"Oh, how I burnt my mouth?" A half-hearted attempt at moving this conversation somewhere easier. Somewhere safer.

Dream frowns. "What? No. The whole five words thing you were being so cryptic about."

Right. George wordlessly switches his phone on. The tweet is still open on his screen. He passes it over to Dream, gives him the few seconds he needs to scan it inquisitively.

Dream is silent for a moment, then chuckles. "I see. Interesting. Well," he says, fixing George with a piercing stare, "How would you?"

"How would I what?" George replies innocently.

"George." Dream sticks his lips into a pout. "Come on." Beseeching, wide, puppy-dog eyes.

You bastard, George thinks. I hate you so much.

"You have to go first," he says lightly, the picture of nonchalance. "Those are the rules, actually."

"The rules?" Dream sounds faintly amused. He scrambles up, closer to George. They're cross-legged, facing each other now.

"Yeah." George manages to get out the single syllable without stammering.

Has Dream always had that scar just underneath his eyebrow?

"Fine. But I'm being serious, George, so you have to be serious too." Dream pushes a finger into George's chest, directly over the part of George that belongs to him.

George pushes his hand away. He deliberately doesn't fixate on the way Dream's hand flinches almost imperceptibly at the contact. "Obviously I'm going to be serious," he says.

"Obviously," Dream mutters back sardonically. "Okay, I'll start, then."

They're maybe sitting too close for comfort for this kind of conversation, George realises belatedly. But he's not going to be the one to move.

Dream holds up a hand, splaying his fingers wide. "If I had to describe you in five words, George, they would be..."

George inhales. Sharp.

"...Brilliant." His thumb drops down.

It's too honest, too raw. George's skin prickles. So what if he should have expected it? Dream always finds a way to surprise him.

Dream hums quietly. "Smart." Index finger down.

George forces a weak smile. Maybe there's something about the dim light that's making George feel like he's not really here, that this is some concoction of a sleep-addled mind.

"Three more," Dream says casually, like George isn't hyper-aware of the fact.

"Yeah, go on." It's hardly above a whisper.

Dream's eyes glitter. "Kind. No – *loving*." Only two fingers are left standing.

There's not enough oxygen in the room, George thinks hysterically. At some point, he'd shifted closer to Dream.

A long moment of silence, and then Dream murmurs, "Passionate," so quietly it's almost like he had meant to keep it to himself.

George can't take his eye off Dream's pinky finger.

It drops.

"Beautiful."

George closes his eyes. This is the moment, then. Not the climax of the movie – this scene in George's bedroom is too delicate, too fragile for that – but somewhere closer to the resolution.

"George?"

When Dream says his name, it's like George is hearing it for the first time. He cracks his eyes open, sees the flutter of Dream's hands in his lap like he doesn't know where to put them.

"It's my turn," he says, determinedly. This won't be the fade to black. "My five words, for you."

Dream's lips part, forming a hushed *oh*. George steels himself, meets Dream's gaze. Thinks over what he's going to say. Takes a deep breath, and softly utters:

"Can...Can I kiss you?"

Dream's smile is crooked, a half crescent. "That's only four –"

"*Please*," George finishes.

The violins swell.

"Yeah," Dream nods, hurriedly and eagerly. "*Yes.*"

George holds true. The kiss is a gentle press at first, a little awkward – but they're nothing if not willing to try again. Dream wraps a hand around the curve of George's jaw, tilts his head to the side. George can't help it: his arm slides up to the back of Dream's head, fingers threading themselves through his hair.

Dream breaks away first, breaths erratic. He sinks his teeth into his lower lip, pink and flushed like he wants George to kiss them again. So George does.

And there's not a single movie cliché he can possibly compare it to.

"I can't believe you didn't actually describe me in five words," Dream says later, when they're lying together under the blankets, limbs tangled to the point where George doesn't even know where he starts and Dream begins.

George scoffs. "You're so *needy*," he teases back. Meanwhile, his mind runs a hundred miles an hour thinking up new ideas.

I can't exist without you.

You've completely changed my life.

You're my heart's truest purpose.

I think I love you.

A little too much, maybe, for whatever has been brought to life between them tonight. It's no worry. George has all the time in the world.

Dream presses a soft kiss to his hair.

Tomorrow, George realises, unable to stop the joy from bubbling up inside of him. *Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow.*

End Notes

yes i know dream is on a keto diet.... yes i ignored that for the sake of physical comedy via throwing bread at your friends. also for some reason this is now my second dnf fic with a gratuitous ratatouille mention no i don't know what that says about me as a person either.

anyways, if you liked this, kudos + comments are seriously appreciated more than you know !!

also, feel free to check out my other fics or come chat to me on [tumblr](#) or [twitter](#) <3

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